

Thursday, December 21, 1922.

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Island Pond, Vermont, as second-
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, (in advance) \$2.00
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Six Months, 1.00
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Classified advertising 10c a line first
insertion, each subsequent insertion,
5c; no charge less than 25c; count
six words to the line. Reading no-
tices among locals 10c a line.

Cards of thanks 50c. Resolutions
and obituaries \$1.50 and more accord-
ing to space.

"Peace on earth, good will to
men!"

Is it not strange that the very
sound of these Divinely inspired
words—brought down to us
from the first glorious Christ-
mas, is sufficient to pervade our
whole being with a warm, glow-
ing sense of true Christmas spir-
it—a spirit that can never
change—the spirit that is writ-
ten on countless happy faces as
they hurry to and fro permeat-
ing the very atmosphere with a
wealth of Christmas cheer.

Everyone, young or old feels
the joy of giving joy at Christ-
mas, if not at any other time.
Even old Scrooge, who had never
known the joys of Christmas
and who stubbornly refused to
contribute to the happiness of
others, succumbed at last to the
undying holiday spirit.

Merry Christmas! May the
full measure of happiness of
this sacred day be yours!

Happy New Year! May all
the blessings of a healthful,
prosperous, happy year be
showered upon you!

Scarlet fever is slowly going
the rounds in Island Pond. We
hope that it can be checked
soon. Are the proper preven-
tions being carried out to fore-
stall this disease? We do not
think so. Our District Health
Officer's home is 33 miles away.
Does he know the conditions in
Island Pond at the present
date? We hope he does, and
if so will take proper action at
once. Is it the Board of
Health's duty to attend to this
matter?

Our Christmas

WHEN the shades of evening gather
And the Christmas time is here,
And you go home from your labor
To enjoy the Christmas cheer—
When the Christmas tree is lighted
And the children gather 'round,
There is one thing must be present
If the greatest joy is found.

There must be inner conscience
Telling you with truthful voice
That you've done something for someone
That will help that one rejoice—
Some poor stranger, widow, orphan,
Someone that you did not owe.
Ah, the gift need not be costly
To relieve another's woe.

And the greatest gift at Christmas
That a person ever received
Was to know that through his efforts
Someone's suffering was relieved;
For the Master, on whose birthday
All the Christmas gifts are given,
Will see that act and send to him
A Christmas gift from heaven.
—Thomas G. Andrews in Kansas City
Star.

Preliminaries.

"Now, don't forget," said the lawyer
who was coaching his fair client.
"When I scratch my right ear that's
a signal for you to faint."

"And if you rub your chin with your
left hand that means I must burst into
tears?"

"Yes, and—ahem—if you see me
plucking at my right trouser leg it will
indicate that the gentlemen of the jury
have been sufficiently edited by the
hostelry display, and you might change
your attitude so they can concentrate
their minds on the evidence."—Bir-
mingham Age-Herald.

Really Only One Occasion.

It has often been a matter of specu-
lation as to when, if any time, a man
would feel perfectly at ease carrying a
doll. This perplexing question, one that
has no doubt disturbed the mental equi-
librium of many psychologists, was
solved the other night by two gentle-
men who had given the matter much
thought. The solution of the prob-
lem was that the only time that a
male biped appeared unembarrassed while
transporting a doll in his arms was
when he was returning, in triumph,
from one of the booths at a nearby
amusement park.—Washington Star.

The Snow Fairy

By
Martha B.
Thomas

I DON'T suppose two noses
were ever pressed more
forlornly against a window-
glass than those belonging
to Jerry and Sally. If you
were to look at them from
the outside, in their front
yard, for instance, they
would not seem like noses
at all; you would say that Jerry
and Sally had small, white pears on their
faces, and pretty squashed pears at
that! This is what a window-glass
does to two children who have the
whooping cough and are standing as
closely as possible against the nearest
thing to getting out—a window.

Jerry dug his fists down into his
pockets and looked as cross as a bear.
Sally blinked very fast to keep the
tears from rolling down her cheeks,
and her two pigtails quivered unap-
pably.

"We'll miss the party and the games
and the goodies . . . and every-
thing!" she wailed.

"I don't care about the old party!"
declared Jerry scornfully. "What I
want is to get out and make a snow-
man. Look at all this perfectly good
snow going to waste! I call it a
shame!" And you would have thought
by his tone that all blizzards were in-
vented for the express purpose of giv-
ing little boys the opportunity of play-
ing in it.

"Mary Randall's going to wear her
new pink dress and her slippers!"
sniffed Sally, "and I have a red dress
and new slippers too-o-o!" This last
thought was almost too much, and one
large tear did manage to tumble over
and down her cheek. Jerry pretended
not to see it. Perhaps he was having
trouble with his own eyes, though of
course boys never cry, not even when
tomorrow's Christmas and everything
is spoiled because of whooping cough.

"Mother said we should have to have
a party by ourselves and make be-
lieve that lots of people came to it,"
said Sally.

Jerry grunted. He didn't care much
for this make-believe stuff—too siss-
ified. "Let's sit down in front of the
open fire," suggested Sally, "and tell
stories. I'm tired of looking out of
the window. Perhaps something nice
will happen; who can tell?"

So the two children settled them-
selves in front of the fire. They drew
up two low stools and they each sat
with their elbows on their knees and
their chins in their hands. It was very
warm and cozy. The logs crackled and
sputtered as though they were doing
their best to cheer other people up,
and the dancing flames had a regular
parade up and down the wood. It was



"I Call It a Shame!"

late afternoon and growing a little
dark.

Suddenly Sally's pigtails stuck out
straight behind her in surprise.

"What's that?" she whispered, and
her eyes were big as saucers.

"Where?" asked Jerry, a little start-
led too.

"I saw something white flit in at the
door!"

"So did I."

The children looked cautiously
around. Nothing was to be seen.

Just an ordinary room, a bright fire
and two children in front of it.

"Funny—" mused Sally.

There was the faintest rustle by the
clock on the mantel. It sounded like
snowflakes talking together.

"There! I heard something again!"
said Sally.

Both children stared at the clock,
for that was where the sound came
from.

It was quite dark by this time, ex-
cept for the light from the logs, so it
was natural that Jerry and Sally did
not at first see the little person
perched on the edge of the mantel.

"How do you do?" asked a tiny
voice. It tinkled like a fairy sleigh-
bell.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Sally.

Jerry just winked his eyes very fast.

"Here I am up by the clock," tinkled
the voice again.

And sure enough, there she was in-
deed! The children saw her now. A
wee, slender bit of a thing about the
size of a sweet pea. And she was the
whitest creature you could imagine.
Snowflake ruffles with crystal trim-
ming, icicle jewels in her hair, and
eyes bright and frosty as stars.

Jerry and Sally gasped. Sally
wanted to jump up and hug her. But
you can't do that with a Snow Fairy;
she'd melt all to pieces in your fingers,

and then where would you be?

"I have come to pay you a little
call," laughed the fairy, "because I
like to talk with children who are ill
and can't go out. I just came from a
house down the street where a baby is
cutting a tooth. Such a cunning baby!
I played hide and seek under its chin,
and you should have heard him



Away They Went.

gurgle! He forgot all about that tooth
that was making so much fuss about
coming through. I left him kicking up
his heels and crowing like a young
rooster."

Sally and Jerry laughed.
"Shall I dance for you?" asked the
Snow Fairy politely.

"Oh, yes!" beseeched the children.
Up jumped the white little person,
and in the twinkling of an eye she had
begun. The children never saw such
dancing in their lives. Never!

The Snow Fairy prousetted on top
of the clock; she whirled like a crystal
prism. She jumped down and made a
low bow to a china shepherdess, and
then the shepherdess threw away her
crook and danced with the fairy. Away
they went, whirling and bobbing and
turning and dipping. They jumped
over vases; they peeked out behind
pictures, they fairly flew through the
air until you could not tell which was
the Snow Fairy and which the china
shepherdess.

Jerry and Sally clapped their hands
and laughed until they could laugh no
longer. They forgot all about parties
and new slippers and making snow-
men.

Then the strangest thing happened.
They could not see the Snow Fairy at
all. She wasn't there, and if you'll
believe me, the china shepherdess was
standing stiffly in her old spot as
though she'd never had a thought of
moving in her life.

"Dear me!" said Sally rubbing her
eyes.

"Dear me!" said Jerry, rubbing his.
Mother came in soon after that. She
stood smiling down upon them.

"Both you children were sound
asleep on your stools when I was in
here before. Do come and have some-
thing good to eat. I have a little party
all ready for you."

And Sally and Jerry never said a
word about the Snow Fairy. But they
were as cheerful as cherubs the rest
of the day.

If our army aviators keep on im-
proving their speed records, soon they
may be in a position to sneak up from
behind and catch an enemy's bullet or
shell before it has a chance to hit
anything.

LIFE OF A PROSPECT

Some years ago I went into a store
to inquire the price of something, an
expensive thing this was, that I wanted
to buy some day when I had the price.
They were just as nice to me as they
would have been if I had come in
ready to buy and plank down the cash.
Then for the time being I forgot all
about it, but they didn't. About a
year after my visit to the store the
salesman I had seen there came to see
me, says the New York Herald. He
was a very agreeable gentleman and
in no way insistent; he had just
looked in on the chance that now I
was ready to buy; but my bank ac-
count hadn't looked up to any great
extent and I was not ready, as I told
him; but I added that when I was
ready I would come in, and I would
come to him. That, I thought, ended
it as far as hearing from them was
concerned; but not so. A year later
I had another call from the salesman,
my friend, if he will now permit me
so to call him, on the same errand; a
pleasant call and a pleasant little talk,
but with the same result as before;
and now, a year to a day after that
second call, he has been in to see me
again. We had our usual pleasant
little talk, and then I asked him:
"Don't you ever give up a prospect?"
To which he answered, smilingly:
"We never give up a prospect till he
dies."

Nothing would please me more than
to see a renaissance of American wit
and humor, writes James L. Ford in
the New York Tribune, but I do not
know how this is to be brought about.
Committees of the sort assembled for
every imaginable purpose, and which
command a degree of popular respect
that seems amazing to the sophisti-
cated, are powerless in the matter.
Not even in those great universities
that offer elective courses in nearly
everything from playwriting to plumb-
ing is there a chair of wit and humor;
and, while every variety of humbug
and rascality rears its head without
fear of consequences, the sword of
ridicule, the only weapon of real
strength in the fight against evil, is
permitted to rust in its scabbard.

EAST CHARLESTON

Mrs. I. R. WOLCOTT, Cor.

Homer Locke was on the sick
list and unable to be in the
store for several days the past
week.

Edna Lapointe of Island
Pond is home for the holidays.

Miss M Lang, teacher of the
Buck school has returned from
a visit in Groton.

Mrs A C Gallup is recovering
from an attack of gripe.

C E Coruth is visiting rela-
tives and friends in Lyndon and
St Johnsbury.

The M W A meeting has
been postponed from Decem-
ber 23rd.

NOTICE TO CORRESPON-
DENTS. The "Herald" will
not be published next Thursday
December 28th.

Parker Collins' little child re-
mains very ill.

The annual Church meeting
was held December 11th. Of-
ficers were elected and after the
business meeting refreshments
were served followed by a so-
cial hour.

Mr and Mrs Carroll Piper en-
tertained a party of friends last
Friday evening. Refreshment
were served and everyone vot-
ed the evening most enjoyable.



BLOOMFIELD

Mrs. B E Stover, Cor.

The Ladies' Aid Society met
last week Thursday with Mrs.
Forrest Howe.

Mr Charles Hylan from the
"mill" preached at the Metho-
dist Church Sunday morning.
The pastor, Rev J A Cooper,
was in Berlin, N H.

Frances, the one year old
daughter of Mr and Mrs Perley
Hurd is very ill with bronchial
pneumonia. Dr Frank Gilbert
is the attending physician.

There will be a Christmas
tree at the Methodist Church
Monday evening.

Mrs Louis Bishop is ill.

Mrs Ella Moulton is assisting
Mrs Perley Hurd during the ill-
ness of her daughter.

Mr and Mrs Will Hall are in
Colebrook with Mr Hall's moth-
er who is critically ill.

Word was received this week
of the death of Hazen Simms in
the Colebrook Hospital. Mr.
Simms was formerly the Grand
Union Tea Company agent for
this section.

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Mrs John Connolly is ill.

Mrs Rose King and two chil-
dren of Northumberland are vi-
siting Mrs King's parents, Mr
and Mrs L Girard.

Mary Goulette is working for
Mrs Lloyd Hendricks.

Lynwood Schoff who is a stu-
dent at Boston University is at
the home of his parents. Mr and
Mrs Floyd Schoff for the Christ-
mas holidays.

Wilma Hall is working for
Mrs Harry Graham. Mrs Gra-
ham recently underwent an ope-
ration in the Hanover Hospital.

Manchester, N H after spend-
ing their honeymoon here.

Mrs Ernest Brunelle is at her
parents' home in Averill for the
winter.

George Major was home on
Sunday from Island Pond.

Every one is cordially invited
to attend the Christmas exer-
cises at the village school Dec.
22.

Senator Nelson is taking
great pleasure with his radio.

"Say it with
Flowers."

Decorations for
CHRISTMAS

HOLLY and PRINCESS
PINE WREATHS

CYCLAMEN, BEGENIAS,
POINSETTIAS, CHERRIES

CUT FLOWERS, BASKETS,
JARDINERES

CHRISTMAS BASKETS

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listed name of a subscriber, and not for a particular
person.

EXAMPLES:

Island Pond to Berlin, N. H.	40c
Burlington, Vt.	50c
Lancaster, N. H.	30c
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Richford, Vt.	30c
St. Albans, Vt.	45c
St. Johnsbury, Vt	25c
Sherbrooke, Que	35c

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